

# EARLE AND AFFINITY CAUGHT IN NORWAY WITH THE BOY HE STOLE FROM FIRST WIFE

**Police of Norway Hold American and Woman Companion Awaiting Extradition to France on Charge of Abduction.**

The world-wide search for Ferdinand Pinney Earle and his eight-year-old son, Harold Erwin, whom he kidnapped from a school at La Motte Beuvron, France, on Nov. 9, ended to-day with advices from Europe that Earle and "Mrs. Evans," supposed to be Miss Charlotte Herman of Rutherford, N. J., had been caught and are held in Norway on a charge of abduction.

According to the despatches, Earle's young son was turned over to a private detective who ran down the party and is taking the boy back to his mother in Paris. Details of the capture are lacking. The boy is a son of Earle by his first wife, who since her divorce has resumed her maiden name of Marie Emilie Fischbacher and lives in Paris.

Earle was assisted in kidnapping the boy by "Mrs. Evans." He had a several days' start, but his former wife lost no time in getting after him as soon as she learned of Harold's disappearance.

**MOTHER FEARS REPORT MAY NOT BE TRUE.**

According to a late cablegram from Paris, Mrs. Fischbacher, the former wife of Earle, to-day said she knew nothing of the reported arrest of the affinity-artist in Norway. The only information of the arrest Mrs. Fischbacher had, she said, was the article in the Paris papers. The frantic mother feared to place any credence in the story, fearing disappointment.

Cases were followed as far as Russia and to American and Canadian ports. Several ships on landing here and in Boston were searched for Earle, and then the trail shifted again to Europe.

It appears Earle decided the first place they would look for him would be in New York, and accordingly made in another direction. For many days the chase was practically at a standstill, and just before Christmas it was reported in cablegrams that Earle had decided to become a Russian citizen and locate in Moscow.

Under the terms of the divorce granted his first wife in France he was to be allowed to see his son, and frequently did so. He also was to pay over a

## WIFE SAYS LEONORI IS AN "INDIAN GIVER;" SUES FOR HEIRLOOMS

**Banker, Under Order, Must Tell Court Where the Jewels Went.**

Charles L. Leonori, the Fifth avenue banker and millionaire apartment hotel owner, must appear before Justice Gavegan in the Supreme Court Monday and tell if he can what happened to the gold dog collar, his Alpha Delta fraternity pin and ropes of pearls and coral, diamonds and other jewels to the value of \$4,255, which he gave his wife when they were courting down in Kentucky in 1910.

The order was signed to-day by Justice Gavegan at the request of Mrs. Kathryn Leonori, who is a daughter of Judge Burbank of Kentucky, and who is suing her husband for the return of the jewels. The couple were only married a few months—in fact, their honeymoon ended while they were married in Newport.

Mrs. Leonori says she gave the jewels to her husband when she left New York last summer to spend the season at Larchmont. When she returned, she says, he was gone, and so were the jewels. She entreated him to return and bring back the jewels, but he shook his head. She declares she threatened to bring suit in 1912 and her husband offered to return the valuables, but she refused them and signed a separation agreement, under which they are now living apart.

Most of the jewels, Leonori says, are heirlooms and of great value only to him, since his wife and he cannot get along. In directing Leonori's examination, Justice Gavegan stipulates that the husband can only be examined about the jewels and that concerning his reasons for leaving his wife.

### DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

Ever hear of blood red diamonds? Not rubies. Red diamonds. The costliest stones in the world.

At least, seven of them WERE worth \$1,000,000. And those seven were the cause of some of the most exciting adventures that ever happened here in New York.

These adventures are told in a thrilling yet irresistibly rollicking way in "Diamond Cut Diamond," by Jane Barker, one of the funniest, most stirring romances of the decade.

"Diamond Cut Diamond" will begin in Monday's Evening World. Don't miss a word of this big fiction sensation. It isn't just like any other book you've read.

Thrills, laughs, suspense, love—all mixed together and combining to make a story that WINS.

Read it. Remember, "Diamond Cut Diamond" will begin in Monday's Evening World.

## HEIR TO MILLIONS WHO ASPIRES TO BE A PLAIN CARPENTER.



## LITTLE BILL ASTOR WANTS TO BE JUST A PLAIN CARPENTER

Six-Year-Old Son of Waldorf Astor Sails With Mother on George Washington.

HE WON'T BE AN IDLER.

Youngster an American Despite Father's Adoption of England as His Home.

Master "Bill" Astor set sail for England this morning with some regrets at his departure. "Bill," it may be recalled, is the six-year-old son of Waldorf Astor, and the grandson of William Waldorf Astor, who expatriated himself. The boy's father has been rewarded in England with an M. P. "Bill," however, is no expatriate. American boy is written on him quite boldly, and he insists that his name is "Bill." More than that, he is going to be a carpenter.

The heir to that particular branch of the Astor millions, under the careful eye of his mother, Mrs. Waldorf Astor, was one of a bevy of prominent society people who sailed this morning from Hoboken on the big George Washington of the North German Lloyd, the first of the transatlantic liners to leave since the holidays. The ship put out with 400 cabin passengers and a high tonnage of late holiday mails.

Mrs. Astor and "Bill" were perhaps the most interesting of the passengers. Mrs. Astor occupies the imperial suite for the trip and her drawing room was massed with flowers in which "Bill" was decidedly uninterested. The big ship had greater charms for him.

**MRS. CHARLES DANA GIBSON ABOARD TO SAY GOOD-BYE.**

Mrs. Astor, very quietly dressed in a black travelling suit, with a sable neckpiece over a silk shirtwaist and a rope of pearls at her throat, spent some time saying farewell to a crowd of friends, which included her sister, Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson. Mrs. Astor's hat, a brown tulle, encircled with a wonderful chaplet of artificial fruits and vegetables in a riot of colors, was the most distinctive touch of her costume.

Mrs. Astor and "Bill" did not mind a bit being interviewed together. "My son," said Mrs. Astor, "is a real American boy. He is Bill to everyone. No one calls him anything else and he doesn't like it either. He is so please himself, he will call himself Bill."

The Astor heir said he had had a good time in America. "I liked the Naval Academy at Annapolis best," he said, in answer to a question.

"Are you going to be a sailor?" "Bill" shook his head decidedly and looked at his mother.

"Ugh, ugh," he decided, "I'm going to be a carpenter." He nodded his great approval of the idea.

**SAYS HER SON WON'T BE AN IDLER.**

Mrs. Astor laughed. "Well," what ever he is, he'll not be an idler when he grows up," she said. "He will be a great winner. He should not tolerate having a rule son."

Mrs. Astor was asked whether she knew anything of the report that the possible return to power of the British Conservatives might mean her husband's promotion to a peerage or the Cabinet.

"I have seen some such thing in the newspapers," she said, "I know nothing about it. Still, you never can tell."

The departure of the George Washington was delayed half an hour by the unexpected rush of mail and baggage.

Among other society people who sailed on her were: Amos Tuck French and Edward Tuck French of Toledo, Mr. and Mrs. George W. C. Drake of Philadelphia, Mrs. Julia McCarty Little of Park avenue, Livingston L. Bidwell of Philadelphia, Mrs. William A. Taylor and William A. Taylor Jr. of New York.

**Kills Himself by Gas in Bath Tub.**

Herman Aldag, a cabinet maker, killed himself to-day at his home, No. 11 West Ninety-eighth street, by inhaling gas. His wife and daughter were out. Neighbors smelled gas and a policeman arrived. He found Aldag in the bath tub with gas escaping from a fixture over his head. An ambulance surgeon tried for half an hour with a pump to revive him but failed.

**Artist Had the Tango Danced In the Nude by "Perfect Modes"**

Berlin, Jan. 3.—The tango is still the chief topic of ballroom discussion. The Berlin season has produced a crop of interesting opinions.

Count Franz von Montenegro, who is the Beau Brummell of Berlin society, says: "Like all impassioned dancers, I am a supporter of the tango. I consider it, both rhythmically and musically, a perfect dance. The danger of tango is not moral but aesthetic. It requires to be danced very well or not at all, and unfortunately many tangoists overestimate their abilities."

Carl Meinhard, the director of the Her-

**No Family Fars in the Bronx?**

**Alas, It Proved a Sad Mistake**

The new Domestic Relations Court in the Bronx was officially opened yesterday by Magistrate Matthew T. Green.

The Magistrate said that since there were no complaints waiting to be heard

## DR. ALEXIS CARREL AND HIS BRIDE HOME FROM FOREIGN PARTS.



## DR. ALEXIS CARREL HOME WITH HIS BRIDE

**A Bacteriological Romance He Calls His Marriage With the Marquise.**

Dr. Alexis Carrel, the Rockefeller Institute surgeon and winner of the Nobel Prize for research, arrived on the France of the French Line this morning with his bride, who was Anna de la Motte, Marquise de la Mairie of Paris, whom he married there on Dec. 28. The doctor and his wife declared that two happier people were not in the world.

"Ours was a bacteriological romance," said the doctor with a laugh. "I met my wife three years ago when I performed an operation in a clinic in Paris. She was greatly interested in surgery, and we became acquainted, corresponded frequently and finally decided to marry. I made the round trip on the France, staying in Paris only three days, just long enough to bring Mrs. Carrel back with me."

Dr. Carrel was asked if he would become an American citizen now. He said only the fact that he held the honorary post of surgeon in the French army had prevented his doing so long ago.

"If France and Germany ever come to war I want to go in the field," said he. "That is the reason I stay a Frenchman."

## CHILDREN SENSELESS WHILE MOTHER SHOPPED

**Doctor Unable to Revive Little Girl Till He Gets Pulmotor—Ate Mysterious Candy.**

When Mrs. George Sichel of No. 2738 Marion avenue, The Bronx, and her neighbor, Mrs. Brill of No. 2738, returned from shopping yesterday afternoon to the latter's home they found Mrs. Brill's little daughter Phyllis and Isabel Rawlin, who lives with Mrs. Sichel, unconscious on a sofa. Dr. Joseph Downey of No. 2730 Marion avenue could not revive them and sent for an Edison Company pulmotor.

After some time the children were revived. All they could tell was that they had eaten a banana apiece and some candy and had become violently ill. Dr. Downey gave them emetics, but last night they were said to be in a serious condition at Mrs. Brill's home. They did not or could not tell where they got the fruit and candy.

## First Woman Aviator to Loop the Loop in Air Calls It "Grand Delight"

HERNDON, England, Jan. 3.—Gustave Hamel, for the first time in the history of aviation, yesterday looped the loop in an aeroplane with a woman passenger.

The passenger was Miss Mary Trewhake Davies, who had accompanied Hamel on many previous flights, notable among them one from London to Paris. In the Paris flight Miss Davies gained the distinction of being the first woman to cross the English Channel in a heavier than air machine.

## President's Wife Gives Aid To a Truck Driver in Distress

GULFPORT, Miss., Jan. 3.—Mrs. Woodrow Wilson went to the rescue of the driver of one of the big motor trucks of the Gulfport Bottling Works when his truck was stuck in a ditch between here and Mississippi City late yesterday afternoon.

Four or five small runabouts from Gulfport had tried in vain to extricate

## ALL DUFFY'S WILL SHAKEN BY BLAST DEEP IN SUBWAY

Upheaval 100 Feet Below the Surface Rocks Houses in Lexington Avenue.

MANY WINDOWS BREAK.

Scores in Panic Rush to the Street as Pictures Are Thrown From Walls.

There was a panic to-day among the scores of residents of the five-story tenements which line Lexington avenue between One Hundred and Second and One Hundred and Third streets when an exceptionally heavy blast in the Lexington avenue subway excavation, one hundred feet below the street level, rocked the houses like cradles and broke every window, including the big plate glass windows in the stores. So tremendous was the concussion that in several instances the window sashes as well as the glass were blown out.

Windows were smashed in many other houses in the neighborhood, some a block and more away. The sidewalks shook and trembled and the houses tottered on their foundations. Men, women and children within their homes were flung off their feet by the force of the explosion, and thinking that an earthquake had come, they rushed to the stairs and dashed into the street.

All about was falling glass, some already shattered and some in big sheets which had been torn intact from the window frames. Terrified residents ran wildly back and forth in the street, not realizing what had happened, and the police of the East One Hundred and Fourth street station had their hands full quieting the crowds and getting them back into their homes.

**BUILDING DEPARTMENT ORDERS THOROUGH INSPECTIONS.**

The Building Department was notified and started inspectors for the scene to make sure that none of the shaken buildings had been made dangerous to inhabit. Persons who were in the houses when the explosion came said that they rocked like a ship at sea. Pictures were thrown from the walls and crockery from the shelves of closets. The furniture danced on the floor.

The excavating work is being done by the Bradley Contracting Company and blasts are set off regularly each morning. Some in the past have been heavy, but none has approached that of to-day. No explanation was offered by the contractors for the unusual blast, but the police said they understood the shaken houses rested on a huge rock which might be called the backbone of the city.

The ridge of rock runs along Lexington avenue from about Fifty-eighth street to about One Hundred and Twelfth street. It is known in the neighborhood as Duffy's Hill. It is very deep, and the subway excavation runs through the heart of it. The solid rock makes a conductor for the concussion of every blast, and the effects are felt as fully on the surface as they are a hundred feet below the street.

So many windows have been broken in lower Lexington avenue that the Bradley Company has braced shop windows and the windows of private homes, wherever owners have permitted, with wire cables which are turned up with a key until they hold the windows absolutely rigid and they never take up the concussion of a blast.

## TROLLEY CAR HITS WOMAN.

In attempting to cross Central Park West at Sixty-fourth street early last night, Miss Annie Dean, thirty-five, of No. 23 West Fifty-fifth street, was run down by a northbound Eighth avenue trolley car. She apparently was confused by the approach of several automobiles and stopped in the path of the car.

Despite the efforts of the motorman, Miss Dean was struck and thrown under the tender of the car. One of the wheels crushed her right foot. Miss Annie Dean was taken to the hospital, where she was treated for a fracture of the right leg. She is now in a serious condition.

## William L. Bull Dies FROM HEART DISEASE

Was Prominent Banker and Broker and for Three Years President of Stock Exchange.

William Lanman Bull, for years a prominent banker and broker, died of heart disease at his home, No. 111 West Fortieth street, last night. He had been in poor health for six years, but his last illness was only of two weeks' duration. He was born in 1844.

Before his retirement from business in January, 1908, Mr. Bull was senior partner in the firm of Edward Sweet & Co., and was president of the Stock Exchange in 1888, 1889 and 1890. He leaves two sons, Frederic and Henry Worthington Bull, both members of the firm of Sweet & Co.

Mr. Bull belonged to the New England, Mayflower, Pine Arts and Dunlap societies and to the Metropolitan, Gravier, University, Union, Players, Century, New York Yacht, Republican, Riding, City Mayor and Arcturion Clubs.

He was a director of the Metropolitan Trust Company, the American Exchange National Bank, the American Light and Traction Company, the City Investing Company, the Cuba Company, the Cuba Railroad Company, the Oregon Short Line Railroad Company, the Southern Branch Railroad Company and the Standard Milling Company.

## RUSSIAN PRINCESS WHOSE HUSBAND LOST AT POKER ON SHIP.



## EVEN A PRINCE CAN'T FILL A ROYAL FLUSH

**"Affable Strangers" Trim Him for \$150 and He Makes a New Year's Resolution.**

Princess Paul Troubetzkoy, a Russian sculptor and brother-in-law of Amelia River, the writer, arrived this morning with Princess Troubetzkoy on the France, of the French line, bringing with him two white Siberian collies and a new resolution. The resolution is not to play any more poker on shipboard.

"I seldom play," said the Prince, "but New Year's Day two affable strangers urged me to take a hand in the smoking room. It cost me one hundred and fifty good American dollars and then I decided that I didn't like the regularity with which the cards ran against me. I quit the game. At the same time I resolved never to get into another."

Princess Troubetzkoy is here to make a life size statue of a prominent New Yorker, whose name he would not reveal, and also a bust. He is an intimate friend of Mrs. William Astor Chanler and probably will use her studio here.

## TINY RADIUM SPECK, WORTH \$2,000, LOST

**Thrown Away by Nurse—Patients Not Suffering Relapse, as Reported.**

Investigation by private detectives to-day showed that it is possible that a nurse in Hahnemann Hospital, Park avenue and Sixty-seventh street, in removing a bandage from the cheek of a cancer patient Wednesday, carelessly threw away a speck of radium worth between \$1,000 and \$2,000. A frantic search has progressed since that time in all the garbage cans about the hospital.

The radium was the property of Dr. William H. Dieffenbach, who had a private patient at the hospital taking the radium cure for cancer. He called in a detective on the theory that the radium, inclosed in a rubber disc the size of a quarter, had been stolen.

It is now believed that the radium, hidden in the folds of a bandage, was taken to the hospital incinerator and was probably is reposing among the ashes. It was suggested that the patient might have swallowed the rubber disk containing the precious substance, as it was applied close to his mouth, but it is generally agreed that if he had done so he would be dead by this time.

It was reported that this speck of radium was the only piece in New York and that Dr. Dieffenbach's patient was suffering a relapse because of the interruption of treatment. However, the doctor is in possession of a quantity of the costly substance as radium quantities. It is believed improbable that the radium was stolen, because there would be no market for it, as physicians and scientists know where all the radium in the world is held.

The manner of identifying of his witnesses showed that they were actuated in their testimony by malice against the wife. Some of the charges he made were absolutely trivial.

The Court concluded his opinion by saying that the evidence was insufficient to lead him to find any guilt on the part of the wife. He said the evidence was sufficient to show that the husband made charges of the "cruelest nature" against his wife without justification and that the wife was justified in leaving him.

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## COURT REBUKES WOMEN GOSSIPS IN A WIFE'S SUIT

Homebreakers, He Calls Them, and Says They Testified Through Malice.

TEN GO AGAINST ONE.

Neighbors of Mrs. Jenkins, Who Triumphs Over A. P. Jenkins, Despite Them.

Ten gossiping women who testified against Mrs. Bessie Price Jenkins in her suit for a separation from Arthur P. Jenkins, an expert calculator employed by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, were denounced as homebreakers and unworthy of belief by Justice Lehman in the Supreme Court to-day. The Court gave Mrs. Jenkins the custody of her child, Helen, and alimony at the rate of \$11 a week.

The Jenkinses lived at No. 32 West Thirty-fifth street until June, 1913, when Jenkins addressed a letter to "Mrs. B. Jenkins," accusing her of wrongs and threatening her with exposure and disgrace if she brought suit against him. When the trial was reached Jenkins brought ten of his neighbors—women who lived in nearby apartments and who had formerly been friendly with his wife—into court to testify against Mrs. Jenkins. The husband's group filed one affidavit of the courtroom. The wife's witnesses, relations and friends, composed another section. The suit was bitterly fought.

**LETTER THE LAST STRAW TO BREAK FELICITY.**

The letter, which was the culmination, Mrs. Jenkins swore, of a "married life of continued insults," was produced in court. It read in part:

Before I punish you as you deserve I will wait for you to take the first step that will lead to your joining the child forever. As you have the child and love her you will work for her. When you are tired of doing so, turn her over to me. You can then go on your way.

I will stop at nothing. When once your case gets into court it will be the most sensational ever printed. Before I crush you with exposure and disgrace you forever in the eyes of the public, who read your career, I will give you one chance to redeem your past—that is, that you go to work for Helen. If you do this I promise not to molest you or the child in any way. In fact, I will make up to you all the wrongs of your past.

**COURT FINDS THE WIFE WITHOUT GUILT.**

At the trial Mr. Jenkins denied he had ever been cruel or inhuman. "I am a gentle, mild-mannered and courteous man," he said, "and I have always so conducted myself toward my wife."

Regarding the letter, Jenkins explained that it was written in a state of extreme excitement caused by his wife's constant disregard of his moral duties and her loose behavior with other men.

"The story told by the witnesses of the husband is directly contradictory to the story told by the witnesses of the wife," declared Justice Lehman. "Though I cannot say that I am convinced by the evidence, I am convinced by the evidence of the wife. I find her to be a woman of other version. I feel that the husband has been shown to be a man of jealous disposition who gave credence against his own wife to stories circulated by neighbors who had quarreled with her and, further, that he assumed upon utterly insufficient proof that his wife was unfaithful."

The manner of identifying of his witnesses showed that they were actuated in their testimony by malice against the wife. Some of the charges he made were absolutely trivial.

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## Women's Dress Is Shameless And Not Respectable, Says Bishop

BERLIN, Jan. 3.—The bishops of Germany have come to the conclusion that the modern woman's clothing is shameless and they have made urgent protest. The year 1913 began with such an episcopal protest and ends with one. The latest protester is Bishop Hanning of Trier, who greeted the Ladies' Christian Society with these words: "Ladies, you will agree with me when I say that many ladies nowadays are ignorant of what is meant by respect-

able clothing." Archbishop Hartmann during a visit to Cologne recently also complained, bitterly that nowadays women's dress was simply shameless. On Jan. 1 Bishop Laibach began a series of protests with an episcopal letter to his flock, wherein he "implored the ladies to assume the reign of terror which makes them slaves of fashion. In most towns, high and low, rich and poor, wear fashions which are a mockery of all decency and modesty."

**Police Nab Girl With Bustle And Make Her Go Home in Auto**

PITTSBURGH, Jan. 3.—The "bustle" has come back at least to the young woman, although one of the latest creations of the fashion modistes' art, arrived here yesterday.

When Miss Lettie Barker Collingswood turned into Fifth avenue from Ninth street in the afternoon there was a gasp from the crowd, and then a simultaneous "It's a bustle," followed by a chorus of hisses.

In a price hundreds of pedestrians began to edge close to the young woman. When she had traveled a block the street was congested with men and women eager for "just one glimpse," as one woman said.

Two policemen finally grabbed Miss Collingswood and persuaded her to go into a banking house. Later she was sent away in a big motor car, bustle and all.